

The Morning Summons.

When the mist is on the river, and the
haze is on the hills,
And the promise of the springtime all
the ample heaven fills;
When the shy things in the wood-haunts
and the hardy on the plains
Catch up heart and feel a leaping life
through winter sluggish veins;

Then the summons of the morning like
a bugle moves the blood,
Then the soul of man grows larger, like
a flower from the bud;
For the hope of high Endeavor is a cor-
dial half divine,
And the banner cry of Onward calls the
laggards into line.

There is glamour of the moonlight when
the stars rain peace below,
But the stir and smell of morning is a
better thing to know,
While the night is hushed and holden
and transpired by dreamy song,
Lo, the dawn brings dew and fire and
the rapture of the strong!
—Richard Burton in the Atlantic.

Filibusters.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

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A group of Spanish officers were
standing in front of the mess quarters
at Bahia Honda. They had just come
in from Havana and on the morrow
were to start across the mountains
toward Cristobal on special service.
It had been a long, hard march, and
they were hungry and tired. In spite
of all that was behind and of what
might be ahead, their one thought was
of the meal whose savory odors were
issuing from the hastily improvised
mess quarters. The sun was not yet
down, but the shadows of the date
palms lay thick about their feet.
They watched them listlessly, waiting
for the mess call, and then ready to
seek the low thatched building where
they were to sleep. From the shadow
of the same date palms a group of
ragged, emaciated boys watched
them keenly. They, too, were mindful
of the odors that came from the mess
quarters, for they sniffed eagerly, and
from time to time they whispered to
one another and pointed toward the
building or the officers. Presently a
boy of nine or ten, with keen, snap-
ping black eyes, stole to a palm tree
that was but a few yards from where
the officers stood. In the shadow of
this he waited until his companions
had circled round to the shelter of a
clump of bamboos on the other side,
and very near to the entrance of the
mess quarters. There they paused, as
though for a signal.

And it was not long coming. With
a sudden wild whoop the boy with the
snapping eyes sprang forward into
the very midst of the officers, swing-
ing his arms and dancing about as
though he were mad. In an instant al-
most, and before they had recovered
from the surprise of the unexpected
onslaught he had snatched a sword
from one of the scabbards and bound-
ed away. At the same moment a cry
of consternation came from the mess
quarters.

But the officers did not notice that.
They were too amazed, too angry at
the audacity of this ragamuffin, who
had stopped a few yards away and was
now brandishing the sword defiantly
in their very faces. With exclamation
of anger they sprang forward to a
man, and the ragamuffin, instead of
trying to escape, dodged this way and
that, under the outstretched arms of
one, behind another and almost be-
tween the legs of a third, all the time
taunting them and daring them on.
He was like an eel that squirmed out
of their hands even after they caught
him; or a flea that was anywhere ex-
cept where they thought it. Five
minutes passed in exasperating dodg-
ing and doubling before they succeed-
ed in dragging him back, struggling
and grinning to the mess quarters.
And it was not until afterward that
it occurred to them that he had made
no real effort to escape.

As the excitement of the chase and
capture began to subside they noticed



Snatched a sword from one of the
scabbards and bounded away.
for the first time that their mess cook
and his boy assistant were shuffling
about wringing their hands.

"What are you doing here, Garcia?"
one of the officers demanded impa-
tiently. "Go back and hurry up sup-
per."

But Garcia continued to wring his
hands.

"There is none," he wailed. "No
meats, no breads, no fruits. Oh,
senors! oh, senors! What shall we do?
Me and my boy Jose were finishing a
beautiful supper—oh, so beautiful!—
and a horde of wild creatures rushed
in and threw our food into my face and

tripped Jose, and when we recovered
there were no meats, no breads, no
fruits. Oh, senors! oh, senors!"

Two or three of the officers rushed
into the mess room. When they re-
turned their faces were blank.

"Garcia's right," they said, "the
place is stripped as clean as though
visited by locusts."

Then they stopped abruptly, as
though making a discovery, and
glanced at the captive. "You are re-
sponsible for this," one of them de-
clared.

The boy grinned. "Si, senor," he
said composedly, "why not?"



"Let this be a lesson."

They stared at him and at each
other. Was the boy mad? If so, it
was a madness that must be punished.
"Shooting is too easy for a thing
like that," scowled the one who had
lost his sword. "It's a case for hang-
ing."

"No; hanging's too easy," declared
another, gloomily. "You don't know
how hungry I am. But there goes the
pursuit," as they saw soldiers scat-
tering among the palms. "Perhaps
the supper will be recaptured."

The boy sniffed. "Five minutes'
start," he grinned significantly. "A
thousand men couldn't find the boys
now. They know hiding places your
soldiers never dreamed of."

The officer in command looked at
him curiously.

"There is something behind this,"
he said thoughtfully. "You are old
enough to understand the conse-
quences of such an act, and too wise
to throw away your life for a little
meat and a few leaves of bread."

The boy's eyes began to flash and
for the first time his face lost its
grinning derision.

"I have risked my life for a little
meat and a few leaves of bread," he
declared quickly, "and I do understand
just what the consequences are. But
what is life when my mother is sick
and starving, and when my sisters and
grandfather and grandmother are all
starving. I would risk it, and lose it,
too, a hundred times. The boys have
food enough now to last them a
month," his voice ringing with exulta-
tion. "You may kill me if you want
to. But you haven't soldiers enough
to get the food back. And it wasn't
stolen, either. You have destroyed
our crops and taken our cattle and
fruits, and they would pay for this a
thousand times over."

He threw his head back and looked
squarely into their eyes.

"There is another thing I don't mind
telling you," he went on sturdily; "my
father's away fighting, and I would be
away fighting too, if I were old
enough. As it is, we boys look after
the family." Here the grinning deri-
sion returned to his face. "The horde
of 'wild creatures' your cook tells
about were just my three brothers and
two of my cousins, the oldest only
thirteen. They'll look after the fam-
ily now, and when this food is gone,
they'll find some way to get more.
Now kill me if you want to. I'm not
afraid."

A curious expression had been com-
ing into their eyes. Above all things
a soldier respects bravery.

"Come, gentlemen," said the officer
in command gruffly, "we must settle
this at once. Camp will be broken
early, and there will be no time then.
The case is a flagrant one, and calls
for severe punishment. But I will
leave the sentence to you, De Guise."

to the officer whose sword had been
taken; "as the most aggrieved of us;
the first vote belongs to you. What
punishment is adequate to the of-
fense?"

The officer scowled. "I would con-
demn him to perpetual banishment
from us," he answered harshly.

"As you, Honorment," to the omes-
sah had confessed he was hungry.
"De Guise is too mild, too mild,"
this officer said, scowling also. "I
would add that in addition to his sen-
tence the condemned be made to carry
away a sack of flour as large as him-
self—as large as a man can lift."

"And you," "and you," to the oth-
ers.

"I consider the sentence just, and
recommend it," said one.

"And I," "and I," said others. "With
perhaps a little more added to the
burden," finished the last judiciously.
"A prisoner of this kind should be
crushed."

"Very well, gentlemen," said the of-
ficer in command, "you will see that
the sentence is carried out to the let-
ter. And you," turning severely to
the wondering boy, "let this be a les-
son. Never do a thing unless you are
ready to do it with your whole heart.
If you had shown a white spot, I would
have had you shot."

GRADY'S FEAST OF PCSSUM.

Rival Ruined His Chance for the Col-
ored Vote by a Mean Trick.

During a heated campaign in Geor-
gia some years ago the late Henry F.
Grady was opposed by an editorial
associate, Captain Evan Howell. They
were warm personal friends, but on
the issue at stake were diametrically
opposed to each other. Recalling that
campaign, Representative Living-
ston tells a funny story.

The result of the election depended
largely upon a certain ward in which
there was a very large negro popula-
tion. Grady brought himself of a
scheme to capture these colored vot-
ers, and, securing a vast number of
possums, provided a great supper, at
which they could eat. It was a mas-
ter stroke and Howell knew nothing
of it until the night the supper oc-
curred. Then he was at his wits' end
until an inspiration came to him. He
sent for some of his negro supporters,
gave them instructions and waited for
the result.

An hour later while the colored
barbers were having a great feasting
time one of Howell's supporters cried
"Meow." Another man repeated the
cry. A third man was apparently
taken sick and the fourth man ex-
claimed: "Deed boys, I think we are
eating cats!" That broke up the sup-
per and Grady never did quite con-
vince the possum eaters that they had
been imposed upon.

Brought the Bishop's Boots.

A humorous story is related in con-
nection with the visit of an English
bishop to a Virginia family. Every-
body was directed to address the re-
verend bishop as "my lord," and a man
servant about the place was especially
told off to attend him. The bishop
like every other Englishman, set his
boots outside his door when he went
to bed at night. His temporary body
servant was instructed to take them,
blacken them and return them before
their owner should be ready to put
them on in the morning. The boy
did as he was told. The bishop was
dressing when he knocked on the
door in the morning, with his care-
fully taught response, "It's the boy,
my lord, with your boots," on the tip
of his tongue. The sound of the
bishop's voice confused him.

"Who's there?" the bishop called
out.

The boy forgot his speech utterly.

"Who's there?" the bishop called
again.

"It's the Lord, with your boots, my
boy," said he.

Doing His Best.

It somehow seems little enough when you
say

"That fellow is 'doing his best.'"

It means that he toils and he hopes day
by day

That Heaven will attend to the rest.

He is loitered aside by the hurrying crowd,
Unthought by the lonely; forgot by the
proud.

He earns what he gets, and no more is
allowed

To the fellow who's "doing his best."

But whenever a crisis arises, we look
To the man who is doing his best,
The prince with his splendor, the sage
with his book.

Full of fall to answer the test.
And when there's a home or a country to
serve,

We turn to the man with the heart and
the nerve,

The man whom adversity's touch could
not swerve.

The man who kept going his best.
—Washington Star.

His Best Investment.

"When I knew old Hunks, years
ago," said the returned traveler, "he
hadn't a soul above dollars and cents.
I find him now the best read man,
especially in history and the works of
the standard novelists, I ever met."

"The explanation is easy," replied
the old citizen. "He lent \$1,000 to a
man who wanted to start a high-class
circulating library. After a year or
two the man failed, leaving nothing
but the books as his assets. Old
Hunks had to take them for the debt,
and as nobody wanted to buy a lot of
second-hand books, he started in and
read all of them to get his money
back."

King Edward's Pull.

To the French people of Canada Sir
Wilfrid Laurier is the greatest if not
the only great person living. Some
time ago a "habitant" arriving in the
city of Quebec met an old friend and
fell to talking politics. In the course
of conversation he happened to men-
tion the name of Queen Victoria and
the friend informed him that the
queen had been dead for a year.

"Dead!" exclaimed the countryman.

"And who, then, rules in England?"

When it was explained to him that
the Prince of Wales had succeeded to
the throne he shook his head wisely.

"Mon Dieu!" he said, "but he must
have a pull with Laurier."

Washington Irving's Grave

In "God's Acre" of Sleepy Hollow Many
Prominent Men Are Buried—Tombs Now
Grass-Grown and Neglected.

(Special Correspondence.)

ANY one who may be passing
along the main road between
Tarrytown and Ossining in
the northern part of Tarrytown
sees the old Sleepy Hol-
low cemetery extending forty or
fifty rods along the east side of
the thoroughfare, with the quaint
little church at the south end
of it. The cemetery may be entered
at the church gate or anywhere along
the low stone wall that separates the
graveyard from the road.

The long, narrow cemetery, climb-
ing the steep hill from the church, is
beautiful in situation, but unkempt.
A workman has a contract to cut the
grass twice in the season; and except
for a short time after he has piled his
scythe among the crumbling grave-
stones, the thick and matted grass
lies in tangles that completely hide
from view the broken stones which
once marked the last resting places
of farmers and their families who died
two centuries and more ago, repre-
sentatives of the first generations of
Dutch settlers who lived in the val-
ley of the Hudson.

The church society has little money
with which to keep this ancient cem-
etry in repair; and so, as the bones
of the burghers buried here have
crumbled into dust, the little brown-
stone monuments that marked their
graves as long as any lived who re-
membered them have fallen into

the person commemorated was a mem-
ber of the family. There is no trace
here of the ruin and neglect that
mark all the older parts of the cem-
etry.

In another part of the churchyard
are the graves of the Badeau family;
its most conspicuous member was
Gen. Adam Badeau whose record in
the civil war and connection with
Gen. Grant made him well known.
His tombstone is rather more con-
spicuous than the others, but none of
the thirty or forty graves of his rela-
tives shows that it has any attention
save from the scythe of the solitary
grass cutter.

Curiously enough one of the older
tombstones of this interesting spot is
still erect and its inscription may be
read, though with difficulty. It re-
cords the fact that the man buried
there outlived a century and left be-
hind him 240 direct descendants. Time
has dealt kindly with this notable
record given in brownstone; and
surely the memory of a man who
had so conspicuous a part in popu-
lating the country deserves perpetu-
ation.

MAN IN THE MAJORITY.

Latest Census Shows Large Proportion
of Males Over Females.

John G. Saxe long ago wrote a poem
setting forth the failure of its pro-



HOME OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

ruins; if any still stand, the effacing
storms and decay of many years have
left in most cases only a trace of the
lettering, some fragments of which
may still be read.

A little way inside the wall is a
narrow path steeply climbing the
hill, passing straight over scores of
graves that are marked by no up-
heaval of the soil but only by frag-
ments of gravestones whose bases,
still rooted in the earth, are likely to
trip the unwary pedestrian. There
could be no more forcible reminder
of the futility of trying to perpetu-
ate at least a name and the record of
the beginning and the end of an earth-
ly pilgrimage.

Climbing north along this path
through the grass that overhangs and
over the tombstones that encumber it,
the visitor reaches at last a broad-
er walk running east and west. Turn-
ing to the right on this path he soon
observes a little cemetery within a
cemetery—a square enclosure made
by a thick hedge and trees which sur-
round the burial plot of the Irving
family. The entrance is through a
gate locked against intruders, but this
gateway is perhaps the only point



Washington Irving's Grave.
where the visitor may have a view of
the tiers of graves within rising
above one another on the hillside.

A little northeast of the center of
this enclosure is the grave of Wash-
ington Irving. It is distinguished
from the others only by the fact that
the white marble tombstone is a lit-
tle broader and higher and has a
rounded and slightly ornate top.

It bears simply the name, the age
and the dates of the birth and death
of the distinguished author. Around
his grave are fifty or sixty other tombs-
tones each bearing the name of Ir-
ving or showing by its inscription that

posed subject to wed because he was
a superfluous man, says a writer in
Harper's Weekly. He put into rhyme
what the United States census of 1900
shows to be a cold statistical fact—
except that instead of a single super-
fluous man there are in this country,
to be exact, 2,531,333 of these unfor-
tunate. Here is reassurance for the
disturbed who object to the recent or-
der of the War Department that no
married men can be commissioned as
second lieutenants, but that it can be
equipped out of the supply of super-
fluous men with a full complement of
line and staff, as well as with all the
privates the country will pay for.
Even then material for a celibate navy
will remain. To recur to the census
figures, they show that in the United
States, including so much of our new
possessions as Hawaii, there are 6,726,
779 bachelors of 20 years old or more,
while there are 4,195,446 spinsters.

Toistol to Visit Roumania.
Count Leo Toistol is about to pay
his long promised visit to the queen
of Roumania, for whose character and
writings he has a warm appreciation.
Count Toistol will, it is expected, ar-
rive at Sinaia, the summer residence
in the Karpathians of the Rumanian
kings and queens, some time this
month. The inhabitants of Jassy,
Roumania, are organizing an impres-
sive demonstration in honor of the
Russian author.

Foolish Custom Spreading.

So prevalent has the pistol carrying
habit become in Memphis that Judge
Moore, presiding in one of the local
courts, has instructed the grand jury
to make inquiry regarding the evil.
One of the newspapers there declares
its belief that one in six of the male
adults carries a revolver. The habit
has grown especially among negroes,
who are said to have abandoned the
razor and taken to the pistol.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Mrs. Carrie Nation is perambulating
about the East, and receives so little
attention that she might as well have
been a defeated vice presidential can-
didate of some distant campaign. She
is seeking money for her home for the
wives of drunkards in Kansas City.
Her hatchet has been replaced alto-
gether by her eloquence; she smashes
no more, and merely talks.

Carries Own Water Supply.

Theodore C. Bates, a Massachusetts
financier and promoter, travels not
a little in connection with projects
he has on hand, but always carries
with him a supply of drinking water
from his farm in the old bay state.
The water is from a spring near the
spot where took place one of the most
terrible Indian massacres in all the
history of Massachusetts.

Liking leads to love and love to
likeness.

Wanted Him to Work Hard.
Thomas A. Edison, the famous in-
ventor, says Success has a keen sense
of humor, and never presents itself.
For instance, just before he went on
a recent trip to Florida, he called his
manager to his room and said:
"I always notice that you look very
well when you work hard."

The manager looked up, wondering
what Mr. Edison would say next.

"Now, I am going away to Fort
Myer. I hope you will enjoy good
health while I am gone."

She was Persuaded to Try St. Jacobs
Oil, and All Pain Disappeared
Immediately.

It is undoubtedly a fact beyond dis-
pute that the strongest advertising
medium the proprietors have is that of
people who recommend others to use
St. Jacobs Oil. People who have them-
selves experienced a happy result
which invariably follows the use of
this great remedy, show their grati-
tude by recommending it to those
whom they know are similarly affect-
ed. This is the case of Margaret Lee,
of 71 Brightfield road, Lee Green, Wis.
"Having suffered from muscular
rheumatism for years, and not receiv-
ing any benefit from various remedies,
I used St. Jacobs Oil; pain and sore-
ness removed at once; no return of
rheumatism." St. Jacobs Oil is sold
in 25 cts. and 50 cts. sizes by all drug-
gists.

The Bed of the Ocean.

At the ocean's bottom at the depth
of two miles there is absolute rest—
not motion enough to destroy the
most delicate organisms, not current
enough to mix with them a grain
of the finest sand—in the depths of
the sea there are no abraded processes
at work. Prof. Maury compares
these still and silent waters to a
"great cushion" to protect and de-
fend the bed of the ocean from a
continual weariness.

BUSINESS COLLEGE.

Now Open at the Templeton-Tuition For
School Year, 1902.

We control the Ellis Cabinet system
of bookkeeping and the Gregg system
of shorthand. They are the best. Visit
us at the Templeton and make inquir-
ies about us from the business, profes-
sional and educational men of the city.
We lead, others follow. Salt Lake
Business College.

Assaults on Female Character.

If there be no law to prevent a mer-
ciless public assault on the character
of one's mother, wife, daughter, sister,
sweetheart, how is the blighting blow
to be legally neutralized? A woman's
reputation is not merchandise or
money, to be divided or adjusted in
some petty court. It is not a thing to
be handled about, decided by a jury,
analyzed by attorneys or rehabilitated
in the press. Such attacks as provoked
the San Francisco tragedy should be
impossible. The trouble is that they
are not. And so long as they continue
and husbands, fathers, brothers and
friends have red blood in their veins
there will be tragedies.

It's a mistake to imagine that itching
piles can't be cured; a mistake to suffer a
day longer than you can help. Doan's Oint-
ment brings instant relief and permanent
cure. At any drug store, 50 cents.

M'Kinley Monument for 'Frisco.

Robert I. Aitken's design has been
accepted by the McKinley memorial
monument committee of San Francisco
co. On the monument is a colossal
figure of the republic, with a bust of
McKinley in bas-relief of stone.

Too late to cure a cold after consumption
has fastened its deadly grip on the lungs
Take Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup while
yet there is time.

Egg Consumption in England.

Eggs consumed in England during
the past twelve months would, it is
computed, fill upward of 40,000 rail-
way trucks. Of these only one-third
were English, and in consequence an
enormous sum of money was sent out
of the country that might be kept at
home had those engaged in rural in-
dustries been alive to their opportuni-
ties, says Pearson's Magazine.

\$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to
learn that there is at least one dreaded disease
that science has been able to cure in all its
stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh
Cure is the only positive cure now known to the
medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitu-
tional disease, requires a constitutional treat-
ment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally,
acting directly upon the blood and mucous sur-
faces of the system, thereby destroying the
foundation of the disease, and giving the patient
strength by building up the constitution and
assisting nature in doing its work. The prop-
rietors have so much faith in its curative
powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars
for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of
Testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

First Aid to the Injured.

A novel apparatus to assist in ren-
dering first aid in case of accidents
has been tried in Paris. It is like a
pillow letter box, and contains a fold-
ing stretcher, a few medicines, etc. It
is necessary to break the glass, as when
"calling" a fire engine. In this way
the key of the case and access to a
telephone inside communicating with
the ambulance station are obtained.

POTNAM FADELESS DYES color
more goods, per package, than others.

Women at German Universities.

There are at present 899 female
students at the German universities,
as against 737 last summer. Of these
Berlin has 370, Bonn 84, Heidelberg
70, Breslau 65, Leipzig 53, Freiburg
43, Göttingen 38, Königsberg 36,
Strasbourg 29, Halle 28, Munich 22, etc.
Usually the number of "coeds" is
larger during the winter semester
than in summer. Thus, there were
1,263 "hearers" last winter and 1,024
in the winter half-year of 1900-01.